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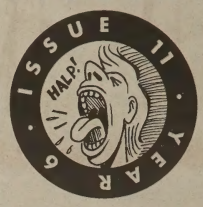
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Student Review is an independent student publication serving BYU's campus community. By providing an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles to *Student Review*. Articles should examine life at BYU—sometimes humorously, sometimes critically, but always sensitively.

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LETTERS

DEAR EDITOR,

To begin with, this out of character for me to write a letter relating to my views on religion. My message is simply another side of the coin and has no intentions of preaching. Is church one of those things that has to be hated? My reply is directed at Ms. Hammer's pessimistic attitude about Church ("Why I Hate Church" SR Nov. 6). First let me clarify something. I have been one of those inactive souls here at BYU. I think I have attended Church maybe 10 times (max) this past year, yet my reasons for not attending differ from hate. I am just lazy.

I loved primary, and no I was not the one who sat there reverently singing "I Am a Child of God." I was constantly kicked out of class for being disruptive. I also found it fun to flatter on the hard benches when I was a deacon.

Regardless of my obnoxiousness at church, I can remember a few meetings that strengthened me as an individual. I learned the gospel of Jesus Christ at church, I gained a testimony of Joseph Smith at church, and I learned to serve people at church. I'm sorry if Ms. Hammer didn't have any of those experiences and maybe it is time to look for the good rather than finding so much to complain about. Church is only what you make it.

With love,
—NEPHI

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of the article cited above is "Ms. Carrie Hamer"—rhymes with *Kramer* (as in *Kramer vs. Kramer*) rather than *Hammer* (the rap star.)

DEAR EDITOR,

Regarding "What? A Woman in the Clyde Building?" (SR Nov. 6): Maybe Matthew Workman should have chosen a real science major, like Physics, instead of the major someone said would make him money; then he'd be in the Eyring Science Center where the real women are. Of course, we're there to learn, not to scam.

—JANI RACLEBAUGH,
MARJORY STUART,
AND CHRISTINA SORENSON

DEAR EDITOR,

In response to Heather Harman's article "A Singular View":

I am a 23-year-old college graduate, I have visions of graduate school and a professional career, and I am married—not only that, I have children. And the last thing I am is "stifled."

In "A Singular View" marriage is described as "restrictive" and "limiting," and married women are "no longer capable of much experiment, change or movement" In the less than three years that I have been married I have graduated from BYU with honors; trained for and competed in two triathlons; had two babies; certified and worded as an interpreter for the deaf; taught sign language to pre-schoolers; worked as a teachers aide in a handicapped classroom; managed rental property in Salt Lake; pulled an A in a creative writing class; chaperoned a youth conference; taught relief society and primary.

And how about some of the goals I'm working towards now—not unattainable dreams for the future, but things I am actively pursuing at this time. I am: working on talks to give to youth so I can travel with my husband when he speaks; training for a marathon; doing temple work for my ancestors; preparing for graduate school; perfecting essays that I hope to publish.

Now, about missions. Do you really think that a mission is the only place to gain "increased maturity, discipline independence and a broadened horizon?" Try getting married, buying a home, raising children. James E. Faust has said, "The teaching, rearing, and training of children requires more intelligence, intuitive understanding, humility, strength, wisdom, spirituality, perseverance, and and hard work than any other challenge we might have in life."

Furthermore, I don't know of one thing you can learn on a mission that can't be learned in marriage. My best friend is currently serving a mission in Japan. I used to feel jealous of her because I didn't have/take the opportunity to serve a mission. I thought I had missed out. But as we correspond I am continually taught that I am learning the same lessons she is—just in a different context. A couple of examples: Julie has mentioned how difficult it is to be cheerful and have the spirit when life is in turmoil—she's experienced hunger, fatigue and frostbite. I am also learning to be cheerful under adverse conditions—like when all my major appliances are in my living room while we get a new floor installed in the bathroom and kitchen. Julie has expressed the indescribable joy she feels in teaching people about God, and how to pray to him. Can anyone who has not experienced it conceive of the joy of your little girl pointing to a picture and exclaiming, "Jesus!" or of watching her fold her arms to pray?

Finally, I would like to address the ambition to become a "whole person," to become "self-actualized" prior to committing yourself to someone. Of the course you need a certain level of maturity and self-esteem to make a marriage work. Yet it is in giving yourself to another that you truly become whole. In General Conference, Elder Faust said to the men of the Church "Your eternal helpmate will gently hold you to your potential. She will give loving and thoughtful encouragement, as well as comfort and discipline. She will also lift you up when you are down and bring you back to earth when you are puffed up. She will bless your life in countless ways." He might have said the same to the women concerning the men. That "even exchange" that you mentioned between freedom and the blessings of family? It isn't even. You receive so much more in marriage than you could ever give up.

—LAUREN ELISON

STAFF NOTES

SR Staffperson of the Week this week Scott Crawford. Scott's efforts to send SR new places and to new altitudes are most appreciated, as is his willingness to do the very things no one else wants or can do. Thank you, Scott. Thank you, kindly.

Don't forget dinner at Steve's basement (1775 [the number of poems Emily Dickinson wrote] Andrus Ln.). 6:36 p.m. on November 23 and (now read carefully), if you were born in the first 3 months of the year bring something from the meat group, if you were born in the second 3 bring something from the dairy group, the third 3 [the veg. group (no offence), and the last 3, bring bread, please, thanks. Water will be provided, so if you want something else bring enough to share.

THE SEVENTIES: A CRITICAL PERSPECTIVE



Illustrated by Marin Roas

YES! DECONSTRUCTIVE DEFENSE OF THE 70'S

by Farrell Lines

NO! THE SEVENTIES: WASTELAND

by Rebecca Jones-Jones, Ph.D.

THE '70s, the "It seemed like nothing happened" decade, exists as an abused scapegoat of the twentieth century. But Derridian and Freudian critical approaches have uncovered and exposed the essence of the generation—torrential sexual conflict, quest for self, quest for god, and the glorious paradox of pop-culture. It was America's finest decade.

The sexual revolution of the '60s was passed on to the '70s as a throbbing id manifesting itself rapaciously across the topography of pop culture. We observe in TV shows a virile, impassioned id exposing itself in the titles and content of children's cartoons such as "Josie and the Pussycats," "Johnny's) Quest," "Speedy the Speedbug," and mainstream America's "Good Times," "Family Affair," "The Love Boat," and "The Streets of San Francisco."

Within such Freudian jurisdiction, the '70s undauntingly retained an astounding libidinal balance due to a strong super ego that tempered a pulsating id. This balance manifested once again in TV programming such as "The Waltons," "Little House on the Prairie," and "All in the Family" this superego virtually deconstructed an insatiable id leaving in its wake only the skeleton of unchecked vitality.

But a dominant superego also left America with a desperate social emptiness, a sort of communal loneliness, a black void begging for intimacy and closeness. This accounts for the popularity of CB radios and Radio Shack two-way walkie-talkies, as America attempted to communicate its spiritual depravity. Movies such as *Convoy*, *Cannonball Run*, *Smokey and the Bandit*, and *Walking Tall* stunningly portray society's futile attempt at dialogue and intimacy. *Saturday Night Fever* chillingly embodies this same urgency to find social acceptance in an exclusively Platonic world. It is the John's failure to reconcile his yin and yang that ultimately moves America to consider its insidious preservation of Western Judeo-Christian tradition.

The '70s watched as America's primordial need for a god awoke and screamed. Like Hamlet's angst for revenge and Oedipus's

quest for truth, America thirsted for its god. He came. An amalgamation of many shapes and forms, he burst on to the scene. As the Snake Canyon-jumping Evel Kneivel, the unconquerable Bruce Lee, Prometheus-like Six Million Dollar Man, the 12-inch fuzzy head GI Joe figure with action grip, and ultimately the Athenian-like decathlon winner Bruce Jenner. Disproving the Nietzschean sceptics, America found its god and found peace as well.

But god-discovery was not the pinnacle of greatness setting the '70's apart from any previous generation. No, its succinct essence was the paradox of everything: Black artist gracing the pop chart next to white, Sly and the Family Stone grooving next to Captain and Tennille, Parliament hustling next to the BeeGees. Observe the contrast of a rising women's movement and the exponential growth of Playboy magazine, the simultaneous and inexplicable popularity of iron-on t-shirts and the three-piece polyester leisure suit. See the paradox in button-up shirts worn half unbuttoned, bell-bottomed slacks with hip-hugging waists. Apparently "Eight is Enough," but unconsciously "Three's Company." Oh, gorgeous paradox. But rising above all is the exceptional and timeless example of '70s paradox—Chevrolet's masterpiece, The El Camino (It's a car, it's a truck, it's a car,...). Paradox in motion. This theme is also typified in the Leif Garrett paradox (He's a male, he's a female, he's a male,...) and President Ford (He's a joke, he's a president, he's a joke,...).

Allegorically the '70s reflect the shattered but reclaimed Judeo-Christian creation myth. A god, completing his mighty and glorious six days of work god rested triumphantly on the seventh. This 'diety at rest' image is vividly embodied in the cigar-smoking figure of Archie Bunker reclining in his leather lazy-boy booming the words, "Meat-head!" Oh, the imagery. Paradox and self discovery, the essence of the era. The '70s symbolize the culmination of the creative period—the pinnacle of pop-culture—the glory of America.

Farrell weaves macramé while reading Derrida and Foucault.

NO, I AM NOT AT ALL FOND OF SEVENTIES pop culture. Yes, we can select a few pop icons worth saving: *Saturday Night Live*, Led Zeppelin, macramé. But the rest of the disco culture—satin jackets, wide legged pants, platform shoes, mirror balls—T.S. Eliot would have called a wasteland, full of hollow men. And, in the spirit of T.S. Eliot, I think we can pick out one major objective correlative that serves to symbolize the waste and hollowness of the decade as a whole. That is polyester.

I select polyester as the objective correlative for this decade with reason. You may recall the importance of the fiber in the movie *Saturday Night Fever*. Travolta is never without it. He spends his last five dollars for a down payment on a body-hugging, sky blue polyester shirt; he wriggles into and out of his tawny beige shirt and slacks to the BeeGee beat in the famous "dressing for disco" scene; in fact, the very crowning achievement of his nineteen year existence is his acquisition of a white polyester suit and his disco championship. As the deejay at 2001: A Disco Odyssey says, "I love your polyester look, baby." Indeed, polyester literally surrounded every event of the seventies.

And why a symbol of the waste of the decade? Polyester is utterly representative of what Nietzsche called the "nihilistic will" or "slave morality." The weak-willed, uncertain, oppressed, and abused members of seventies society created the disco culture by distorting the reality of the strong. Drugs, spinning lights, the BeeGees, and this stretch synthetic fabric created a false sense of well-being, a reversal of natural good taste. And they all bought into it. As Sartre would say, bad faith. Everyone knew they looked hideous, but no one had the courage to stand up and say, "No, I will not wear these strange lima-bean green, wide-legged pants made of this synthetic fiber. No, I will not wear collars down to my navel. No, I will not wear this fake fluffy flower in my hair, nor this ridiculous stretch polyester dress, nor these platform shoes." Polyester, a most nonexistent fabric, and the will of the weak, a most nonexistent force, drove seventies

culture.

A most demonstrative argument against the bad faith seventies is that three existentially relevant figures—Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, and Jimi Hendrix—promptly extinguished themselves when the seventies began. How could they not? Jim's anthem "Light my Fire" demonstrates Dionysian will to power at its finest—Morrison recognizes and acts upon his desires, confronting his lover. Compare this to the slave mentality of "Disco Inferno," wherein hundreds of disco-goers resigned themselves to a flaming disco beat as a coincidence of location. Morrison, Joplin, and Hendrix all made themselves, minute by minute, demonstrating what Sartre would call "being-for-itself." They certainly could not have abided the seventies, when the will of the weak, the slave morality of disco sirens, anonymous one-night stands, rabbit fur jackets, and gas-guzzler cars, prevailed.

From a feminist critical perspective, the seventies was a phallogocentric shambles, from its large cars to its dance moves. One cannot ignore John Travolta's famous perpetual motion pelvic thrusts or finger point dance moves as a blatant assertion of phallogocentric rule—binary and linear. Women, as seen in *Saturday Night Fever*, were used merely for ornamentation on the dance floor, spun and twirled, the male always in a position of power. "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me! Oh, I've been kissed by Al Pacino," one woman yells at John Travolta in the movie. Notice the passive phrasing of her cry. Inauthentic women of the seventies indeed begged men to determine them, to order their lives. And they wore such bad make-up. Nice orange lipstick. And those clogs. And tube tops. Give me a break.

In summary, the seventies was a wasteland decade. Our brothers and sisters of twenty years ago started to recognize the absurdity of the modern world, the *nada*, the abyss, and instead of careful existential self-mastery with fear and trembling, they shook their groove thing and blew it all off. And they demonstrated extremely bad fashion faith. Whoever came up with wrap-around skirts and Cuban heels? The seventies—just say no. Δ

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NAME THAT SEVENTIES TUNE

by M. Spaff Sumsion

IT'S TIME TO COME OUT OF THE CLOSET AND FACE IT. YOU listened to AM radio in the 70s and you liked it. You even bought records during the Decade from Music Hell. Go ahead, admit it. "Oh, sure," you may say, "I liked Fleetwood Mac and the Eagles and, uh, Zeppelin and Floyd..." Maybe. But you also liked Abba and the Village People and the Bee Gees and (shudder) Barry Manilow. You liked Disco. Right?!

Right. So, child of the 70s, this quiz is for you. Hang up a mirror ball, put on some polyester, and hum through the following lyrics as if you were an 8-track tape player. Give yourself two points for each song you name, and another two for naming the artist (cough, cough) that performed it. 100 points are possible; measure your worth against a basic grade breakdown. If you get an "A" on this (90 or above), that's embarrassing. Don't tell anyone.

Answers are given below. Don't cheat. And may the force be with you.

1. Her name was Lola

She was a showgirl
With yellow feathers in her hair
And a dress cut down to there

2. Well you can tell by the way I use my walk
I'm a woman's man—no time to talk

3. I got chills, they're multiplying
And I'm losing control
For the power you're supplying
It's electrifying!

4. Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender need

5. The devil bowed his head because he knew that
he'd been beat
And he laid that golden fiddle on the ground at
Johnny's feet

6. I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride my bike
I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride it where I like

7. I says "Big Ben, this here's the Rubber Duck
We just ain't a-gonna pay no toll."
So we crashed the gate going 98
I says "Let them truckers roll: 10-4."

8. Never gonna stop, give it up
Such a dirty mind
I always get it up for the touch
Of the other kind
My my my ay ay whoo!

9. Why do birds suddenly appear
Every time you are near?

10. Gitchy gitchy yah yah yahma
Gitchy gitchy yah yah yee...
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?

11. So many nights I sit by my window
Waiting for someone to sing me his song

12. Shoo by dooby doo-woop, I wanna dedicate it
Bop bop shoo-woop, Everybody made it
Shoo by dooby doo-woop, Infiltrate it
Bop bop shoo-woop, Activate it

13. Met her on a Monday and my heart stood still
Somebody told me that her name was Jill

14. Just slip out the back, Jack
Make a new plan, Stan
No need to be coy, Roy
Just listen to me

15. I remember when rock was young
Me and Susie had so much fun
Holdin' hands and skimpin' stones
Had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own

16. You're looking good just like a snake in the grass
One of these days you're gonna break the glass
...I'll tell you once more
Before I get off the floor

17. They got little hands and little eyes
They go around telling great big lies

18. Some sweet-talking girl comes along
Singing her song
Don't mess around, you just got to be strong
Just stop—cause I really love you
Stop—I've been thinking of you

19. I say, young man—there's a place you can go
I say, young man—when you're short on the dough
...It's fun to play at the...

20. Babe, I love you so
I want you to know
That I'm gonna miss your love
The minute you walk out that door

21. If you like Pina Coladas
Gettin' caught in the rain
If you're not into yoga
If you have half a brain

22. I-yi-yi-yi just can't wait
I-yi-yi-yi got a date
It's at the good ole rock and roll road show
Gotta go!

23. Friday night and the lights are low
Looking out for a place to go
Where they play the rock music
Getting in the swing
You've come to look for a king

24. Goodbye, Michelle, it's hard to die
When all the birds are singing in the sky
Now that the Spring is in the air
With the flowers everywhere
I wish that we could both be there

25. Born in Arizona
Moved to Babylonla
Yeah, he was born in Arizona
Got a condo made of stone-a

26. [Bonus for those of you from homes with rules about
"Sunday music"]
Who are these children coming down, coming down
Like gentle rain through darkened skies?

Disco
Routine

START

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

(Kick)

ANSWERS TO NAME THAT SEVENTIES TUNE

1. Copacabana—Barry Manilow
2. Stayin' Alive—Bee Gees
3. You're the One That I Want—John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John
4. The Rose—Bette Midler
5. The Devil Went Down to Georgia—Charlie Daniels Band
6. Bicycle Race—Queen
7. Convo—C.W. McCall
8. My Sharona—The Knack
9. (They Long to Be) Close to You—The Carpenters
10. Lady Marmalade—LaBelle
11. You Light Up My Life—Debby Boone
12. Pop Muzik—M 13. Da Doo Ron Ron—Sharon Cassidy
14. 50 Ways to Leave Your Lover—Paul Simon
15. Crocodile Rock—Elton John
16. Don't Bring Me Down—Electric Light Orchestra
17. Short People—Randy Newman
18. Love Will Keep Us Together—The Captain & Tennille
19. YMCA—Village People
20. Please Don't Go—KC & The Sunshine Band
21. Escape (The Pina Colada Song)—Rupert Holmes
22. Saturday Night—Bay City Rollers
23. Dancing Queen—Abba
24. Seasons in the Sun—Terry Jacks
25. King Tut—Steve Martin
26. Saturday's Warrior—SW cast (Lex DeZavedo).

TOP 10 Reasons Not to Go to Church

- (1) Dollar movies are only 50¢
- (2) I went last week
- (3) The Bears
- (4) Ever since Paul H. Dunn, things just haven't been the same
- (5) It's Stake Conference
- (6) 1:00pm is just too early
- (7) My girlfriend used all the hot water
- (8) I graduate in April—I don't need an ecclesiastical endorsement any more
- (9) If you saw the girls in my ward you wouldn't go either
- (10) Ditka wasn't speaking

WHY THE SEVENTIES WEREN'T A TOTAL WASTE OF TIME: ENTERTAINMENT IN OUR CHILDHOOD

by Rachel Poulsen, Scott Whitmore, and Matt Workman

MOST OF US CAN BARELY REMEMBER LIFE BEFORE CNN, the Smurfs, Madonna, AIDS, and Reaganomics. The Information Age has made news and entertainment practically the same thing and has produced pitifully few artistic triumphs. We may want to recall a time when the line between reality and fiction wasn't so blurred, when the news was the news and entertainment was just entertainment. I'm sad to say it, folks, but the seventies was just not that time. That decade's entertainment was just as much a mixed bag as the nineties are—sometimes sublime, often ridiculous, and usually a profound combination of both. Let's look back.

THREE'S COMPANY AND THE SEVENTIES SITCOMS

So it wasn't *King Lear*. It wasn't even *Twelfth Night*. But *Three's Company* was good, it really was. It is a true relic of a decade gone by, a virtual time capsule. Relax. You can watch those reruns without guilt or disgust.

The plot of this ingenious show went something like this: Jack Tripper, Chrissy Snow, and Janet Wood (played by John Ritter, Suzanne Sommers, and Joyce DeWitt) shared an apartment, even though it was against the landlord's rules, because Jack needed a place to stay and the women needed a roommate. Landlord Mr. Furley (Don Knotts) put up with it because he thought Jack was gay and therefore would not pose a problem. That's all. How the writers came up with more than two episodes, I do not know.

The storylines they did conjure up were not that memorable. They all blend together, even in the mind of a sitcom connoisseur like myself. Most of them revolved around one silly misunderstanding like when Jack told his date that he had a maid and Janet had to act like one for the evening, or when their slimy friend Larry hit on Chrissy and Jack had to defend her and still act gay in front of the landlord. So what if it dissolved into slapstick? We got to experience 1970s California, however vicariously. I'll never

forget Jack riding his 10-speed into the sand during the cheesy opening credits. I'll never forget Chrissy's tight turtlenecks and Janet's bell-bottoms and certainly not Mr. Furley's suits. Their little apartment building was a microcosm of our entire society. The show was brilliant.

Granted, there was a surplus of good TV in the 1970s—*Lawrence and Shirley*, *Alice*, *Eight is Enough*, *WKRP in Cincinnati*... but *Three's Company* deserves a place of its own in television history. Watching it is ultimate sitcom bliss.

FEVER NIGHT FEVER NIGHT FEVER

The most significant film masterpiece left us by the seventies is undoubtedly the 1977 release *Saturday Night Fever*. This film spoke for a generation of young people that found its voice only in the dizzying rhythms of "Disco Inferno" and the spinning lights of the dance floor.

Tony (John Travolta) is one of this breed—youth, ethnic, hormonal—an angry young Italian man from Brooklyn. From his first utterance in the film ("Two, two, gimme two, that's good") to his final words ("Yeah, ok"), Travolta leaves his mark on history as the polyester-suited embodiment of the "me" generation. When he exclaims, "@*%# the future!" he essentially speaks for the whole "live for today," sexual revolution, self-expanding generation. Tony's wise boss, a fitting symbol of the jaded, worn wisdom of broken dreams retorts, "You can't @*%# the future, or it will @*%# you."

And this is what Tony and his friends learn. No matter how much polyester they wear, no matter how many gold chains, no matter how many women they charm, no matter how hard they strut at 2001: A Disco Odyssey, they can barely get a handle on their lives. Even Tony—Al Pacino look alike and master of the pelvic thrust and the hustle—faces pain and struggle.

This is demonstrated poignantly during one of his family's arguments when Tony's father, Frank, strikes him. Tony yells, "Watch the hair! You know I work a long time on my hair and you hit it. You hit my hair!" Hair comes across as

the archetypal symbol of sexuality that it is, and we watch Tony in intense calculation as he stands in black underwear in front of his full length mirror drying his precious locks.

Indeed, the heavy emphasis on fashion in the film—platform boots, polyester shirts, off-the-shoulder dresses, glossy leather jackets, tight bell bottoms, rabbit fur coats—reminds us of the true impermanence that Tony and his seventies brothers faced.

A truly significant piece of film.

THE DECADE'S REDEEMING FILMS:

ANNIE HALL AND MEATBALLS

Much of the seventies was spent making movies that didn't end until well into the eighties—*Star Wars*, *Rocky*, *Superman*. These films gave us superheroes to take our minds off Vietnam and Watergate. When we weren't into escapism, we went to the movies to get depressed—*Silkwood*, *Kramer vs. Kramer*, *Ordinary People*. We couldn't stop thinking about ourselves and all of our new problems.

Lots of people will try to apologize for the seventies, or pretend they never happened. This is a mistake. Sure, we have to put up with Burt Reynolds and Sally Fields, but wasn't it worth it to get Woody Allen? I would gladly sit through *Smoky and the Bandit* three times if it meant being able to see *Annie Hall* again. And so what if Warren Beatty won't go away? At least we have Dustin Hoffman. I have real proof that the seventies weren't a wasted decade: I wouldn't trade my videotape of *Meatballs* for anything.

In a lot of ways, the seventies did make more sense than the decade to follow. Only in the eighties could a mediocre singer like Cher become an Oscar-winning actress. Only in the eighties could a mediocre actor like Ronald Reagan become president. Only in the eighties would someone shoot a president to get an actress's attention. But Jodie Foster is still around and so are we. Let's not apologize. *Taxi Driver*, anyone? *Δ The authors were born in 1978.*

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN, PART 9: ON CELESTIAL DATING

NOVEMBER 10:

I feel a little uneasy in Sunday School as the lesson concentrates exclusively on what constitutes acceptable dating behavior. The teacher (who, in philosophical outlook, reminds me of Heber) has some exceptionally strong opinions on the subject. Thinking about my willfully platonic encounter with Delilah, I raise my hand and righteously recount some of the details of my incredibly meaningful, "hands-off" first date. The teacher is suitably impressed. We'll see what happens next Saturday!

NOVEMBER 11:

Instead of making cookies at Family Home Evening, some concerned person decides that we need a moral lesson. Uncannily, it's on dating! Gary Gobbies (the lesson-giver) reads a story from some outdated Church manual which, in a bizarre sort of way, recalls *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*. It focuses on a premarital couple who, on the first day, hold hands. On the second day, they hold hands and give each other backrubs. On the third day, they do all of the above and throw in a goodnight kiss. And, cutting a long story short, she is pregnant by the sixth day. Gary concludes by challenging us not to be like that depraved couple and to behave responsibly on all our dates. Don't worry Delilah, I'll be a perfect gentleman on Saturday.

NOVEMBER 13:

What is going on already? My hometeachers come for the first time ever—with a lesson on

dating! It is a most uncomfortable experience as 90% of the lesson consists of their posing very personal and explicit questions. One of them, for example, asks: "What *wouldn't* you do on the first date?" For shock value, I reply, "Absolutely nothing ... that I wouldn't do if the Savior were sitting behind me eating popcorn." They go at this point, leaving me alone to think about Saturday and Delilah.

NOVEMBER 15:

Heber was a bad influence. I guess I always knew that under his Nephi skin there were several Lamans and Lemuels just dying to get out. I tremble with anger every time I think of the vile words in his diary.

NOVEMBER 16:

It's Saturday. I try to work, but it's impossible. So I sit in front of the TV all day, watching college football teams in which I have no earthly interest. Eating too is difficult. (Why can't tomorrow be Fast Sunday?) I shave again and then start to get ready.

I'm ready. I walk up to her door and prepare to knock. For one appalling moment, I think I hear Tip. But that's impossible. I knock. She answers. I just say hello since I can never think of anything witty to say in her presence. I open the car door for her. *She gets in!* I feel like John Travolta! We drive to the movies.

To be continued...

EAVESDROPPINGS

NOVEMBER 10,
9:45 P.M.,
MOVIES 8

Frustrated male to ticket seller: I said I want *Body Parts!* *Body Parts!*

NOVEMBER 3,
3:36 P.M.,
TESTING CENTER

Newly engaged woman: I think all of the problems started when my fiance let his id take over.

NOVEMBER 7,
2:45 P.M.,
500 NORTH

One seventh grader from a schoolbus full of screaming children, to two BYU students at the roadside: Why don't you get a real school.

NOVEMBER 8,
12:15 P.M.,
COUGAREAT

Woman speaking very loudly: I am very selective about who I kiss!

70s TOP FIVE

1. BLACKS GET THE PRIESTHOOD
2. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
3. MONTY PYTHON
4. LED ZEPPELIN
5. SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK

70s AMBIVALENT FIFTY-ONE

ANNIE HALL, FUZZY STICK-ON FOOTPRINTS, FARRAH FAWCETT, CHARLIE'S ANGELS, ERIC CLAPTON, FEATHERED HAIR, PLATFORM SHOES, EARTH DAY, WELCOME BACK KOTTER, SEX PISTOLS, OSMOND MANIA, LIGHT SABERS, FATHER GUIDO SARDUCCI, BRUCE JENNER, BRADY BUNCH, LOVE AMERICAN STYLE, CLOGS, RABBIT FUR JACKETS, THE CARPENTERS, CUSTOMIZED VANS, EL CAMINOS, SATIN JACKETS, JIMMY CARTER, BEE GEES, CLOCKWORK ORANGE, MACRAME, ANOREXICALLY THIN WOMEN, HAIR PARTED DOWN THE MIDDLE, ABBA, PINKIE TUSCADERO, LENNY & SQUIGGY, THE HUSTLE, BELL BOTTOMS, ROSE COLORED GLASSES, VILLAGE PEOPLE, BECK COLLARS, COWL-NECK SWEATERS, "HAVE A NICE DAY," LOOKING OUT FOR #1, MATCH GAME 76, FAT ALBERT, CHEAP GAS, ROLLER DISCO, 8-TRACK, CHACHI, ELVIS DEAD, \$10,000 PYRAMID, ZOOM, MR. BILL, MACHISMO, ROAD SHOWS, LEATHER HAIR ACCESSORIES.

70s BOTTOM FIVE

1. WATERGATE
2. PAINTINGS ON BLACK VELVET
3. POLYESTER
4. VIETNAM
5. LED ZEPPELIN PLAYED BACKWARDS

IF MICHAEL MITTON WERE PRESIDENT

by Larry Johnson

IN HIS "VIEW FROM THE RIGHT" OF OCTOBER 30, Michael Mitton outlined his reasons for preferring Bush to any of the Democratic candidates. Though I might agree with Mitton's choices (only time will tell), I fear some of his reasons.

Particularly troubling are his positions on national health care and welfare. Let us extend his own motif and speculate on what would happen if Michael Mitton were president.

If Michael Mitton were president, the poor would suffer in this country. He has every right to be opposed to national health care, but I find it troubling that he sees health care as a "luxury" in this or any society. "Do you have a right to something someone else created?" he asked. Yes, in some cases. If you extend his logic further, you'll find that everything is a luxury. Are we only entitled to a home, food, life, if we can build it or pay for it ourselves? These things are a matter of life and death.

Mitton tells us that the truth is cruel and no one should be forced to pay for another person's "luxuries." What about the children? The crack babies? The senior citizens who would needlessly die if no one paid their "luxury" of health care? Mitton makes life itself a luxury. I hope our society hasn't sunk to a point where life is held in such low regard. Medicaid is not a perfect solution, but removing it would leave many with no choice but to die. Are only the rich entitled to life?

The question is: How should the commodity of health care be distributed? Should it be available only to the rich? Thirty seven million Americans currently have no health insurance. Working Americans are constantly being added to that list. Today, it is estimated that fifty million Americans have less than adequate health care. Tough economic times are forcing employers to cancel or reduce benefits. Employees are afraid to leave bad job situations so they can keep their "luxurious life." If the economy continues its slump, more companies will take such choices away from workers.

In Canada, essential services are made

available to everyone, while we're paying fifty percent more taxes per person in the U.S. In Canada, medical care is a necessity, not a luxury. A "luxury" would be cosmetic surgery, which the individual must finance. The government works as an insurer and is able to negotiate reasonable fees with doctors. Taxpayers pay the premiums they can afford. The system is not perfect, but it recognizes one truth (a truth I don't consider to be so cruel, Michael): The life of a poor child in the ghetto should be just as valuable as that of the richest man or woman in the world.



Illustrated by Kent Chou

If Michael Mitton were president, the poor would understandably revolt. Crime rates would soar in the inner cities. Mitton wants a president who would abolish welfare. Social unrest would become the rule as the poorest of the poor saw they had no support. Those in poverty would see how the affluent lived. We have enough violence in America as it is. If your choice were to steal from the selfish rich or starve to death, what would you do?

Karl Marx argued that capitalism would never work because the exploited laborers would revolt against the rich capitalists.

Labor unions and government stepped in to keep the misery from becoming intolerable. But now labor unions have lost most of their power, and Mitton wants a president who will let the poor starve to death. If we do nothing to prevent the misery, Marx might be proven right.

Admittedly, welfare has problems. Many people get more money from welfare than they get from working. But since Mitton supports a flat rate tax like the LDS tithing system why doesn't he support an efficient welfare program? Perhaps we should look for a way to provide welfare so people retain their dignity by working. Maybe we should bring back the WPA. We also have to remember that some people on welfare are not able to work. Mitton's utopian vision would leave the handicapped, the children, and the elderly with no recourse. Should a government look out for all its citizens or just the interests of the able-bodied majority?

If Michael Mitton were president, we would move as far away from socialism as possible. After all, he says, even the socialists are revolting against their high taxes. It's true that Swedes voted against the socialists in power, but would they abolish their national health care system? Is our system the only alternative? With such a choice, they might well decide they have a good situation. It is simply too early to say they have "rejected" anything.

If Michael Mitton were president, this country would see more unrest between the classes than ever seen in history. His answers are too simple. Even the Bush administration has admitted that the Department of Health and Human Services is looking for some solution. Perhaps Bush realizes the complexities of the situation more than Mitton does. Bush's call to volunteerism might make Mitton's "individual responsibility" vision feasible.

On the bright side, if Michael Mitton were president, we would have a fair tax rate. But given his other ideas, the price would be too high.Δ

LISTENING

by Greg Coleman

RECENTLY I WAS INVOLVED IN A TERRIBLE DISPUTE WITH A friend. It seemed that there was nothing either of us could do that would make the other happy. We thrust, parried, and otherwise played "Robin Duck" until eventually, right in the middle of a spin, the pole snapped up and smashed my beak in. After we finally managed to sit down and really communicate, I discovered that my viewpoint, while perfectly legitimate to me with my limited understanding, was absolutely horrifying to her, and had in fact caused her a great deal of pain. It set me thinking about the absolute pride that a person must have to allow his opinions to trample on another's.

Fortunately, I will probably recover, and so will my friend. We may even speak to one another again. Unfortunately, however, I am not an isolated case. The recent peace talks in Spain are a prime example of arrogance even greater than mine, if such a thing is possible. I like to believe that the everyday people from either side of the Israeli conflict would be deeply shocked and hurt if the kind of violence occurring all around them was to happen to their neighbors. I like to

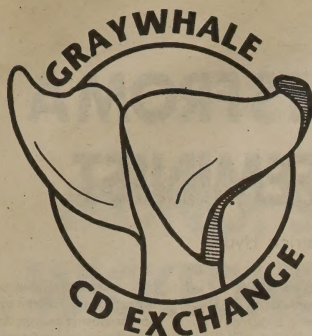
think that the Islamic people pledged to jihad would cringe and turn aside from killing any person, Jewish or not, that they knew intimately. Yet even while I sit here in my idealistic little world, there are people being killed. The Israelis say they have a right to security, the Palestinians to self-rule. Both sides believe what they say, and both sides fight tenaciously for their beliefs. Frankly, I don't believe that either side is more right than the other; both have valid points, and there is no "right" answer. I applaud the recent conferences, as token as they may be, but the killing still goes on.

Unfortunately, I suspect that it won't stop, at least not during my life. It has become too abstract, too distant, too inhuman. Israel waves the flag of the seven days war, leaving images of swaggering, leering Moslems rushing to rape their lands. The Palestinians mold the statue of Israeli totalitarians towering over any attempt for freedom. But neither one paints the picture of the father dead in the street, and his wife, both then and ten years later, trying to reconcile the pain. As long as both sides persist in stubbornly displaying only their abstractions of national rights and

needs, and not the reality of day-to-day life among the people, there will be no solution, only thrusting, parrying, and eventually, beak-smashing.

Here at home we experience the same problem. We talk of communist threats, economic ploys, and national security. We never seem to mention Ivan, a Soviet worker who, like most of us, has family, friends, and dreams. We seem to forget Yutaka the Japanese auto worker who, like any red-blooded American, just wants to come home to his family and see them happy. We listen to all the abstract rhetoric about nations, and we forget basic beauty of humans. I like to think that if we were really know the issues not as pronounced by politicians, but as lived by people, we would not so quickly jump at the chance to point our little fingers and shriek curses and capitalistic dogmas.

So let us drop our dogma and forget for a while our "national rights." Let's forget our pride in all we think this country stands for and listen for a while to the lives of others. While we're at it we will, perhaps, find just that American dream that seems to be fading from our world: the dream of individual liberty, life, and personal pursuit of happiness.Δ



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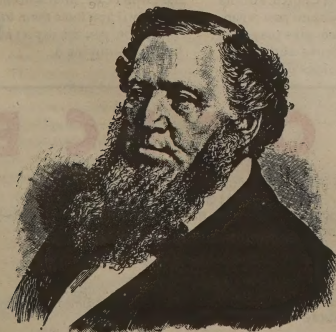
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THE OTHER SIDE

DARK VICTORY

by Matthew Stannard



WELCOME TO THE CAPITALIST ECONOMIC triumph. 8.5 million Americans unemployed. Ten percent of all working and non working people on food stamps. One eighth of all U.S. children go to bed hungry. Homeless being tossed in jail. 2.1 more million people fell into poverty this year, bringing the total to 13.5% of the U.S. population.

The perception of America's strength has proven so much glitz and glitter. Everyone knows this, but nobody wants to do anything. Nobody, that is, except those damn radicals who've been telling us all along that capitalism is a one-way ticket to poverty for most of the population. So you'll excuse a little cockiness, a bit of "We told you so" posturing from Margaret Jayco of the National Committee for the Socialist Workers Party. You'll excuse it because beneath the tongue-in-cheek confidence she displayed at a recent speech in Salt Lake City, there was a tone of urgency, a sense in which the world is rapidly begging for change.

Speaking to a capacity crowd at the Pathfinder Bookstore, Jayco used rhetoric that, while sounding thin only a few years ago, sounded rather legitimate today. Capitalism, she said, is "destroying the people of the world and resources of the planet." This destruction "marks all of world politics today, whether we realize it or not." All decisions being made by the powerful anywhere reflects this tightening grip. The damage has to fall somewhere, and it usually falls on the shoulders of the majority of the world, those of us who sweat and toil to make millionaires of a few others.

Empty clichés? Hardly. What the U.S. is experiencing is only the tip of the iceberg. Over 50 percent of the Latin American population live in unambiguous poverty. Cholera is sweeping the citizenry even in "developed" countries. These are capitalist countries.

Who's won the battle of history anyway? The perception of America's victory, domestic or foreign, the perception that "communism" is dead, has revealed a dark underside. People are less open, more conservative, more racist, less charitable. Speaking of the "philosophy" of such a world, Jayco quipped, "The main action it dictates is large quantities of beer and taking to your couch." Capitalism cannot have "won," since it has caused, and will cause "more poverty, more starvation, more David Dukes, more police brutality, more Witchitas." The problem is "not the world. It's a system ... a social system, run by

human beings." How can we expect capitalism to solve the very problems it creates? "It's like trying to put out a fire with gasoline."

As tensions increase and more people are driven into desperation (hard working people, like the 34% of American homeless who are families with children), well-fed conservative pundits (and in SR's case, pundits-in-training) will mush their way through the same old garbage. The poor are lazy. Wealth is the result of virtue and hard work. It's not my responsibility to help anyone but me. They tout this ignorance as "moral responsibility." They justify their dismissal of others' lives with "natural rights." They spit upon the starving millions and without a trace of irony in their voices remind us that this is the price we must pay for a "just economic system." Profit and loss. Winners and losers. Full and hungry. Alive and dead.

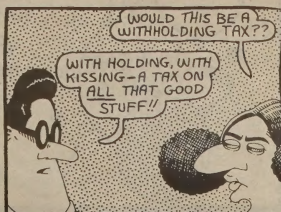
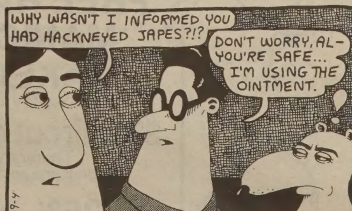
Sadly, there is hidden beneath their rubble of babble a valuable insight: It is time for us to take responsibility for ourselves. We certainly cannot rely on the government. We must rely on ourselves, and must ignore the non solutions of liberals and the "final solutions" of worms like David Duke. We must laugh at George Bush when he says, "People just need to buy more houses and cars." And we must make firm demands on those who are hoarding the wealth that we could all share if we just learned a few simple principles. The naive of novitiate neoconservatives reveals its emptiness every time someone tells a story about lazy poor men or hard-working entrepreneurs. If it were that simple, then no one would slip through the cracks of capitalist utopia. But thousands do each day.

The world is cracking under the grip of greed. These aren't just rhetorical tools. They are starving human beings. They aren't expendable statistics to fuel a "just system"; they are our brothers and sisters. And people are beginning to fight back. If this seems distant, theoretical, and far away, consider that in Salt Lake City, an openly socialist candidate for city council received over 1500 votes in her district. Imagine what the real world is like.

The Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, South Africa, Lebanon, Iraq, Israel, Haiti, Los Angeles, Louisiana. Utah. It is a world under siege. Now that the hoax called the Cold War is over, we've discovered an interesting twist: The capitalists weren't fighting the communists. The capitalists are fighting each other. The casualties are millions of innocent people. And it's time to stop the war.Δ

THE FUSCO BROTHERS

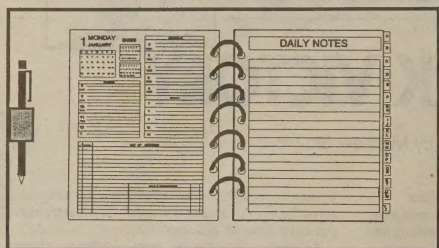
by J.C. Duffy



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THOUGHTS FROM A MALE FEMINIST

by Garrick Hyde

I AM A MALE FEMINIST. LEST THIS term spark a riot from our more conservative brothers and sisters, let me include my definition: I do not expect women to do anything men are not willing to do, and I do not deny women any privileges that men esteem. In other words, men and women are equal—in rights and responsibilities.

This idea sounds reasonable, doesn't it? A majority of us might say it is nothing new. But men do not treat women equally. As long as this continues to occur, feminists will have something to gripe about.

Growing up with a father who exemplified the values of a male-oriented, patriarchal, LDS society, I wondered why my mother was so submissive. I still cannot understand why a society based on Judeo-Christian ethics, such as service and family unity, tolerates our brothers' lordship over their sisters. Such behavior is divisive, creating master/servant relations in marriage.

I am concerned with the status of Mormon women. I worry about all the women who continue to be demeaned by priesthood wielding men. I worry for the men who do this, but I worry more for the women who allow it to continue. Women have not always been submissive in the Church. Last year, working for a Church History

professor, I had the task of researching a topic using the *Women's Exponent*, a journal published by early Relief Society leaders such as Eliza Snow and Emmeline Wells. As I read through the many volumes, I was amazed at the strong opinions and wit contained in these women's writings. They clearly exemplified more feminist qualities than most women in the Church today.

These women weren't the soft-spoken, submissive type. The Doctrine and Covenants shows that Emma Smith wasn't either. Last week in a religion class, we discussed Section 25, which is addressed to Emma. Most of us associate this section with the Lord commanding Emma to compile a hymn book. As the lecture began, I wondered if I would be able to stomach yet another male professor pointing to verse five and reading: "And the office of thy calling shall be for a comfort unto my servant, Joseph Smith Jun., thy husband, in his afflictions, with consoling words, in the spirit of meekness," as if this verse were proof that all women were commanded to be submissive.

My nausea left me when the professor did not dwell on this verse, but instead jumped to verses 6, 7, and 8 and read: "And thou shalt go with (Joseph) at the time of his going, and be unto him for a scribe...and thou shalt be ordained under (Joseph's) hand to expound scriptures, and to exhort the church...and thy time shall be given to writing and to learning much."

The professor intentionally stressed the leadership callings given to Emma (I wonder whether this might have something to do with this professor not being an official member of the religion faculty). Emma's ability to comfort her husband was conditioned on meekness, not submission. Meekness is based on humility; submission on the lack of skeletal structure. I like to think that Joseph and Emma worked together without an air of superiority from Joseph.

Failing to get any response from the class (including the women), the professor began to point out a few practices that have developed over the years concerning the role of women in the Church. He told of the not-too-distant past when women could not give prayers or concluding remarks during sacrament meetings. The prayer

policy was later altered so that women could give the opening, but not the closing prayer. And all of the rules were documented in the priesthood handbooks.

So what caused the position of women in the Church to change so drastically from the previous century? I am not sure. For one thing, the Church began in New England, where women had a more respected place in society. When the Church moved west, it landed in the center of "cowboy" culture, where physical strength was a premium, making men naturally more esteemed than women.

But I am not so concerned about how women lost their status in the Church as I am concerned that they regain it. I was thankful for President Hinckley's recent talk in the Priesthood Session of General Conference. The Brethren are finally articulating the message that brothers are to treat their sisters well—equally well. The message is out; men are being educated. But will they change? Only if women insist.

I fear that there is a sleeping mass among LDS women. I amazed that some of my LDS female co-workers are not concerned about sexist language and continue to use it themselves, even when I point out why the language degrades them. The status of LDS women will only increase when females participate equally in the Church and learn that their role goes beyond "support" and homemaking.

Only when my wife pointed out the sexist elements in my own speech and writing did I understand the demeaning thought process that society had forced me to inherit. This education helped me purge such thought processes and treat women and men equally.

For any of my brothers who may find my words difficult to accept, let me say that I can empathize with you. I felt unstable as I learned to show my wife equality in rights and responsibilities; my instability came from my need to create new values. Her comfort—not submission—helped me change my thinking.

And to the sisters who might think my ideas unsettling, let me caution you that if you don't care, men won't care. Men will change, but only if you force them to. Otherwise, you can expect a long future of suffering.Δ

NOTICE

Due to the increase in violence against women on BYU campus, a new curfew has been instated. Beginning Wednesday, November 20, men will no longer be allowed to walk alone or in all-male groups from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m.

Those men who must travel on or through campus during curfew hours must be accompanied by two women in order to demonstrate that they are not threatening.

Provisions have been made for men who need to be escorted home. Contact your BYU ward Relief Society Presidencies any time.

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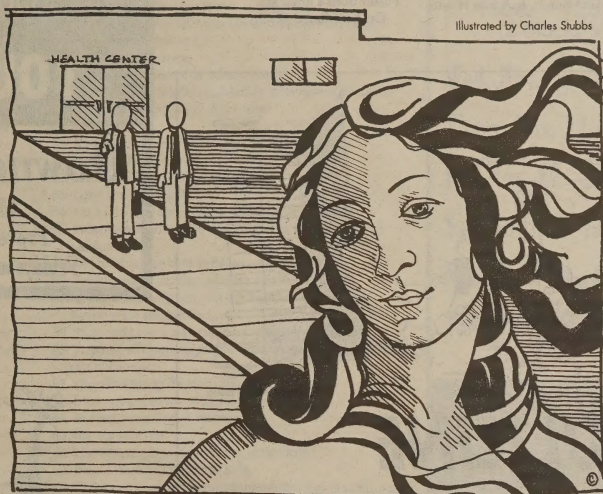
AVANTI

Sebastian

MONO: SCOURGE OF BABYLON OR WICKEDNESS NEVER WAS HAPPINESS

by Anonymous

Illustrated by Charles Stubbs



THE DOCTOR TOOK OFF HIS GLASSES, rubbed his nose, and sternly reproved with his glance. "Sounds like someone needs a Bishop's interview for moral transgressions. You have caught mononucleosis, my dear." And so he sent me to the lab, where the girl boomed it to the Health Center, mostly filled with fresh scrubbed missionaries. "This blood tests positive for mono." Visibly shocked, one missionary absently raised his Book of Mormon, while his companion—recently Catholic—crossed himself. As I left, did I imagine the phrase "Whore of Babylon" traveling from elder to elder? One asked me what I'd heard about the Book of Mormon and would I like to know more as a way to avoid future venereal diseases.

It was true. No, not the book he gave me. His implications. The only source of information on my ailment was in the back of a book called *Herpes and associated diseases*. I was ashamed. I had been cursed for my wickedness. After two years of dry lip disease, I had been kissed, and now my secret acts were being shouted from the hilltops.

As I walked home with the doctor's sheet that spoke the terrible truth, I was Hester Prynne. My tired eyes and glassy stare gave me away as surely as her growing belly did her. People knew when they saw me. I either had mono or was married and working seven jobs to put my man through

chiropractic school. And as they saw my bare engagement finger, they despised me.

And the people taunted me with their knowing glances. Would anyone have known if the entire MTC hadn't organized a special fireside to pray for my soul? But I'd

deluded myself. I wore a scarlet letter in the form of a bleary expression and red eyes.

The book of my life was prematurely opened for all to mock. Every man in CDU called to see if I would be free for a night, oh, say, in about 2 months. Neighbors called upon me

to gloat in their virtuous healthiness. "Oh, (wink) you poor thing. How do you think you caught it? (wink wink)."

Basically, all my pairs of white stockings, my lace collars, and long khaki skirts became useless as the word got out. I might as well have worn black lace stockings. Dammit, I would have if I could have moved out of bed.

My bishop called and rescinded my calling. Okay, not exactly true, but if I had one I'm sure he would have. Maybe that is why I don't have a calling. Prophetically, he knew this would be the year I would succumb to the enemy and kiss a man before I'd met him at the altar.

And the notoriety that spreads from the righteous to the fraternities is the biggest trauma of mono. Sure, I'm exhausted and will fail my classes, but that doesn't really hurt. What does pain me is the realization that my pious image is gone forever. Relief Society Presidencies will elude me for the rest of my life. Yes, I am in pain.

The MTC called yesterday. They asked if their prayers had been rewarded. Yes, I told them. I was well and once again have dry healthy lips. Later that day, tearfully, I saw sweet young missionaries waiting again by the mono lab, anticipating new souls to serve. And to those needy souls, I give my condolences. I understand. I am your sister. Δ

Guenevere wishes to remain anonymous.

THINKING ABOUT FILM: BICYCLE THIEF

by David Laraway

Never shall I forget that night, the first night in camp, which has turned my life into one long night, seven times cursed and seven times sealed. Never shall I forget that smoke. Never shall I forget the faces of the children, whose bodies I saw turned into wreaths of smoke beneath a silent blue sky. Never shall I forget those flames which consumed my Faith forever. Never shall I forget that nocturnal silence which deprived me, for all eternity, of the desire to live. Never shall I forget those moments which murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to dust. Never shall I forget these things, even if I am condemned to live as long as God himself. Never.

—Eli Wiesel

THE POSSIBILITY OF FAITH IN A WORLD GONE MAD IS PERHAPS the question that best characterizes the post-war age. The horror and unprecedented mass destruction Wiesel writes about demands that questions of faith and providence come to the fore. The Jewish philosopher Emmanuel Levinas, also a survivor of the concentration camps, once remarked that the Holocaust forced him to abandon his naive, childish faith, and search for God anew. Vittorio De Sica's 1948 film *Bicycle Thief*, a product of this post-war crisis, likewise takes up questions of providence and faith; and, like Levinas, asks us to abandon our childish faith in favor of a true, life-giving faith that characterizes (and sustains) human life. Not only does *Bicycle Thief* depict this transformation of faith, it also invites us to renew our own faith by depicting the human grounding from which true faith always arises.

De Sica binds together the literal and the figurative elements of the film almost from the beginning. Antonio, unemployed at the start of the film, is offered a job pasting

up billboard notices along the streets of Rome—provided he can obtain a bicycle. He sells the sheets off his bed to get the bicycle—named *Fides* or "Faith"—out of hock. However, the bicycle is stolen on his first day on the job and he and Bruno (his son) spend the remainder of the film trying to find it. Searching for, and recovering, *Fides* gives the film its weight. We watch as Antonio's and Bruno's search for *Fides* leads them to a marketplace, a church, a soothsayer's house, a nightclub, a bar; their search always frustrated. Eventually their quest for faith, for providence, for good fortune, becomes as obvious as their hunt for the bicycle. The providence they seek seems always to elude them. Apparently, there are no divine, redemptive powers at work here; we grow anxious as justice is left unsatisfied.

De Sica seems determined to let this frustration unwind as we look helplessly on: the police are indifferent; the vendors in the market are uncooperative; a mob gathers to protect the culprit when he is finally found; the crowd is only too quick to run down Antonio when he finally steals a bicycle. Why didn't they help when his bicycle was initially stolen?

Much of the frustration we feel for Antonio and Bruno is traced to the attachment to them that De Sica helps us develop. By subtly focusing on their vulnerabilities, he helps us experience their humanity and encourages us to care about them. Bruno's almost paternalistic concern for the bicycle ("This scratch wasn't here before! They dented it!") is a quiet reminder that Bruno loves his father and longs to help him fulfill his fatherly role. Similarly, the irrepressible smile that comes over Bruno's face when his father asks him if he'd like a pizza reveals the human needs that are never far from the surface. By refusing to turn the characters into pawns in order to tell a "bigger" story (e.g. some sort of faith

or innocence fable), De Sica lets the "bigger" questions come about gently, by their own accord. And clearly, the questions do come.

Why this conspiracy against an innocent man and his son? What's left of faith if it lacks any power to save? It is this latter question that concerns De Sica most. And his answer seems to be that faith does have the power to save, if we seek it at its origins—the bond between father and son, a mutual responsibility for the other, the extended hand that forgives. De Sica, like Levinas and Wiesel, seems to have recognized the need for a primordial faith that takes no account of providence or good fortune. It does not seek for divine promises to be fulfilled, but rather seeks to fulfill promises already in force by virtue of the very nature of Antonio and Bruno's relationship. This affirmation of a new kind of faith only comes to light at the end of the film when the search for providential faith is abandoned. As Bruno takes his father's hand, this new, unquestioning faith is at last made explicit.

As I mentioned before, the film does not stop with a depiction of faith. The film itself becomes an act of faith by refusing to allegorize. Bruno's and Antonio's story is not trivialized by simply serving as a conduit to deeper philosophical questions; rather, the tenderness that De Sica asks us to extend to Antonio and Bruno requires that we reach out faithfully, much the same way that Bruno reaches out to his father. The film thus avoids moralizing by performing the very moral act that it recommends.

Like Levinas and Wiesel, De Sica finds himself in a world where faith seems to have lost its power. But it is precisely this absence that brings us to seek faith at its origins and thus discover its ability to save. Δ

The Bicycle Thief is available at the Orem Public Library.

NEW FLICKS

by Rick Carpenter

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

Determined to get their parents back together for Christmas, Ethan (Ethan Randall Dutch) and Hallie (Thora Birch *Paradise*) launch a scheme that doesn't go quite as planned. Tony Boer (Kevin Nealon of *Saturday Night Live*) is their mother's new yuppie boyfriend who keeps getting in the way, but the kids prevail (de ja vu *Parent Trap*). For being a "G" movie, it is surprisingly entertaining and

charming; maybe because it's Christmas in New York. On a side note, it's the first "G" movie I've seen with a painting of a woman in the buff. Welcome to the progressive 90s.

Grade: B- Rated G.

LITTLE MAN TATE

(Jody Foster, Dianne Wiest, Harry Connick Jr. & Adam Hann-Byrd)

A story of an extraordinarily gifted seven-year-old boy named Fred and his attempts to fit in. Fred's life is affected by the relationships he shares with his working class mother (Foster) and a brilliant child psychologist (Wiest), two women who have conflicting ideas of how to raise him. For being a novice director, Foster does a great job.

Grade: B Rated PG. Δ



Illustrated by Bruno

FAULTLINE

by Scott Harold Swaner

The sheet-rock walls in our house never cracked slowly, they always shattered furiously and only inward, so the outside still seemed fine. We lived on the San Andrews—a fault it went right under our house I know because I saw it. Those frantic and chaotic fissures they were beneath us, my parents told me.

A fear—pounding throat and I would sneak into the crawl-space. Up above they didn't even know that I knew the progress of our house's old cracks down below, dusty veins and fresh fissures

up above. I never could figure out why the abruptly-broken walls would just explode, inward. what did I know about violence then about what they knew? I only knew the sick feeling (couldn't move, wouldn't talk) I knew the color, so shiny red it hurt my eyes blazing red like the fire engine that came in the summer-time. When it came everybody knew, one thing everyone in the family knew.

Rifts beneath us gaped until they were holes,

on top, the walls shook, the TV fell down the hill past our pond, it had mosquitos in it anyway, stereo slipped on the stones in back—that's where I found a dried-up lizard, standing alone frozen in motion hurrying still eyes in head, seeing nothing did he hurt? Telephones were victims too, sometimes they exploded with the walls.

Below, a tremor would come first then a quake, so we could prepare. In their world above they would talk about money then the walls would explode, inward and towards me too much to clean up all over the house.

Now I am older, a little anyway I still don't understand about money but I know it sounds like the siren for the big red engine, comes with destruction, fast or slow.

My Teacher said "Your heart is the same size as your fist. Make a fist. There is your heart," (did the lord of this jungle have my teacher too?) All the places in our house where the walls exploded I think they were the size of my heart or his.

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101 IDEAS FOR STAYING AWAKE ON THE DRIVE HOME

MANY OF YOU WILL BE EXPERIENCING SEVERE chronic sleep-deprivation as you drive home for the holidays. BYUSA is proud to present the following 101 ideas for staying awake on the drive home. Now, interstates aren't always interesting places, and if you're driving home with a ride-board stranger, the conversation could get dry. Try a few of the following tips to spice up the drive and to keep yourself awake. (Those in plain type are BYUSA suggestions; the ones SR has played with are marked in italics.)

1. Eat sunflower seeds.
2. Chew gum.
3. *Stick a whole pack of Big League Chew in your face and try not to suffocate.*
4. *Ask your rider to give you a jaw massage after your chew.*
5. Roll the windows down and yell out the window.
6. *Yell communist slogans out the window in small Utah towns.*
7. Sing to yourself.
8. Sing with others in the car.
9. Sing "99 Bottles of Milk on the Wall."
10. *Drink 99 bottles of milk; the internal pressure and frequent rest stops will keep you awake.*
11. Drink some 7-UP.
12. *Giggle until it comes out your nose.*
13. Turn on the air conditioner full blast.
14. Wear an ice pack around your neck.
15. *Try to toss small pieces of ice onto strategic locations of your driving companion's anatomy. Watch it melt.*
16. Take down your fuzzy dice and hang up a clove of garlic on your rearview mirror. Inhale deeply.
17. *Bet your driving companion \$10 that they won't eat the entire clove of garlic.*
18. Count cows.
19. Count cops.
20. Count the emergency phones on the highway.
21. Count to 100 in Spanish or another foreign language.
22. *Have the person in the passenger seat count the freckles on the driver's body.*
23. *Switch drivers and do it again.*
24. Look for a hot hitchhiker (like the Bugle Boy ad).
25. *Pick-up a hitchhiker and speak to them in a foreign language.*
26. *Tell them you are going warp speed towards the planet X-93-Zytron where your loving family will receive them with a traditional Thanksgiving dinner of roast zofish and plynkon.*
27. Have your co-pilot read love novels to you.
28. *Have your co-pilot read Jack Weyland novels to you. Half of them are about road-trips with newly engaged couples. Act the parts. Then throw up.*
29. Get out once every two hours and run around.
30. Get out once every two hours and roll around.
31. Slap your face.
32. *Have your co-pilot slap your face.*
33. Ask them to pluck your leg hairs.
34. *Heat up some wax with the cigarette lighter and wax large sections of each others anatomies.*
35. Talk about recent love affairs.
36. *Confess unrequited love for one of your passengers. Shed a few tears. Feign hurt and rejection.*
37. *Tell them you were kidding two hundred miles later.*
38. Tune the radio to static.
39. Tune the radio to head-banger music and play it loud.
40. "Hey man, is that Freedom Rock?" "Yeah, man." "Well, crank it up, man!" Talk like the guys on the Freedom Rock commercial for the rest of the journey.
41. Stick toothpicks in your eyes.
42. *Stick Pop Rocks up your nose.*
43. Talk about your most embarrassing moment.
44. Talk about your greatest victory.
45. Talk about the grossest thing you found in your

- refrigerator this semester.
46. Talk about your favorite Christmas cartoon (The Grinch, Rudolph, etc.)
45. Talk about politics.
46. Talk about drivers of other cars.
47. *Roll down the window and talk to drivers in other cars.*
48. *Pass notes to drivers in other cars.*
49. *Fantasize.*
50. *Repent.*
51. Sing Christmas carols.
52. *Make up Thanksgiving carols.*
53. Look for Knight Rider.
54. Do a Chinese fire drill in the middle of nowhere.
55. *Paint your name on the state highway in the middle of nowhere.*
56. See how many bird calls you can make up.
57. *See how many mating calls you can make up.*
58. *Compile a list of great pick-up lines to try at the Ivy Tower when you get back.*
59. Stop and take a nap on the side of the road.
60. *Stop and sell your sleeping co-pilot's possessions on the side of the road.*
61. Play tic-tac-toe on your frosty windows.
62. Draw pictures on your frosty windows.
63. *But not those kind of pictures.*
64. Blow a whistle.
65. Have your passengers play nose flute.
66. Play a dashboard drum solo.
67. Compose a minor symphony on the way home.
68. *Practice it using the car horn.*
69. Have a spelling contest.
70. Recite multiplication tables.
71. Practice rapid reclining in your seat.
72. *Drive with your teeth.*
73. *Drive wearing a bodystocking.*
74. *Drive naked.*
75. *Do not combine suggestions 74 and 13. Okay, only if you really need to.*
76. Sing hymns out loud.
77. *Sing Amy Grant songs as though you were Sid Vicious.*
78. Sing old t.v. theme songs.
79. Sing every song on the Beatles' White Album.
80. *Sing Led Zeppelin songs backwards.*
81. Call home half-way and let your parents know where you are.
82. *Call your most un-favorite professor and let them know where you are, how much you miss them, and what degree of glory you think they'll attain based on the severity of their attendance policy/midterm/final.*
83. Stop and catch up on your journal at every pit stop.
84. *Stop and paint a mural on the side of the gas station at every pit stop.*
85. Practice smiling like Richard Simmons in the rearview mirror.
86. *Send loaded glances to passengers in the rearview mirror. Play with their minds. See if you can incite a minor skirmish among them during the trip.*
87. Do not eat a heavy meal before your trip; it will make you sleepy.
88. *Do not drink an entire bottle of cherry Nyquil before your trip even if you are sick. It will make you sleepy.*
89. Yodel.
90. Gargle.
91. Play footsie.
92. Hold hands on the stick shift.
93. Tell your driving companion not to shower.
94. Douse your driving companion in Patchouli.
95. Burn incense.
96. Roast marshmallows over your cigarette lighter.
97. Give each other pen tattoos all over your respective bodies.
98. Chew ice. Lots of it.
99. *Have your driving companion chew on your ear.*
100. Wear your seat belt.
101. Please, do.

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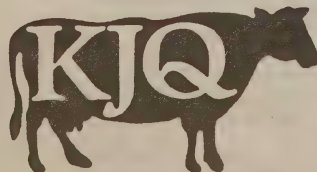
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THOUGHTS O' DEEPNESS

by Jack Handily Jr.

WHEN I WAS A TEACHER, MY FRIEND BOB PUT GARLIC IN the Sacramento water. We all told him he was evil, but we all laughed when Sister Rickenbaugh gagged and accidentally spit out her false teeth.

Sometimes it's good to stack your food on your plate real high, and then play "Christ in the Americas" by shaking it until it falls down all over the table.

I gave a Book of Mormon to a friend once. He said thank you and I felt really good. I know it made him a better person because he sold it back to me for only half price at his garage sale.

Sometimes when I'm feeling sad and I just want to be alone to think, I go to Sacramento meeting in another ward. That way I can still take the sacrament, and no one talks to me.

I had a really fun time substituting in the Star B class once. We played hangman. We had a lot of fun until the weight on the noose pulled the light fixture down on little Tommy and the Bishop made us stop.

My Seminary teacher told us that Alma caught his son Corianton with the harlot Isabel because Corianton's landlady messed up and sent in his second weekly report before the first one.

If they made a movie out of the Book of Mormon, would there be so much blood and violence that they'd have to give it an R rating, or would they make a PG-13 version?

I remember walking out to the car after my baptism. I never wanted to sin again. And then my sister pinched me on the way home and I thought that I might like to try repentance.

If we all had to move back to Missouri, would it still be the "Show Me State," or would that be considered asking for a sign?

When I was in Primary, my mom used to give me a quarter each time we sang in Sacramento Meeting. I don't think anyone ever considered it working on Sunday.

One day I couldn't decide if I should wear my sandals or my penny loafers to church, but then I thought, What would Jesus do?

Don't you hate it when you fall asleep during your nightly prayers, but then your roommate makes a noise and you wake up and you start wagging your foot and pretend that you've been awake the whole time?

When I was little our family went to see the musical *My Turn On Earth*. I thought it was really great. I thought that Barbara was really cute, but when she signed my program after the show I saw that she had on about six inches of makeup.

Do you suppose that you could create some kind of diversion so that you could go off and sin unnoticed while your guardian angels were preoccupied?

Every time I have to sing a hymn at conference but I don't know the words, I just sing "watermelon, watermelon, watermelon." No one can tell that I don't know the words, and they all think I know the hymn by heart. Δ

I HAVE A QUESTION

"I have attended numerous ward dinners and can't help but wonder—what is the spiritual significance of green Jell-O?"

—Sister Sariah M. Rasmussen,
Assistant professor of
Home and Family Science,
Brigham Young University.

WHEN OUR SAVIOUR VISITED THE Nephites, one of his first pronouncements was that "I am the light and the life of the world." Since then, the concept of life, rejuvenation, and resurrection have often been symbolized by the color green. When we eat green Jell-O at LDS functions, it is no longer just lime gelatin, it is a representation of this concept.

The historical beginnings of this practice go all the way back to the '30s when sister Edith R. Hunt from Springville, Utah took a green Jell-O salad to an Easter dinner at the Stake House. To Sister Hunt can also be attributed the practice of including shredded carrots in the Jell-O. She felt that the fiery orange color of the carrots represented light,

so her green Jell-O/shredded carrot salad represented Christ as both the "light and the life of the world."

According to ancient Talmudic lore, the Israelites ate green Jell-O while they wandered in the wilderness. To them, the green

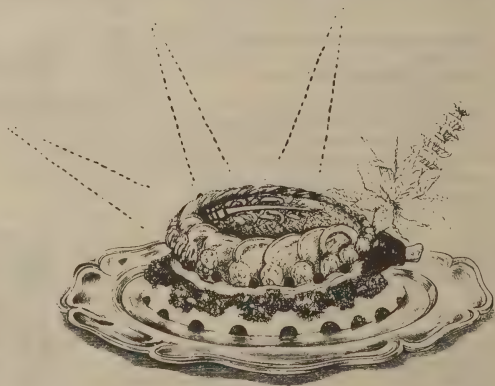
coloring represented the jealousy of Jehovah. The jiggly nature of the Jell-O symbolized for them the quaking that they all experienced in the presence of the LORD.

Green Jell-O is also mentioned in the early Christian apocryphal book of St. Jerome the Just. In this text, green Jell-O is seen as a representation of the injunction to be both firm yet flexible. However, it seems that the practice of eating green Jell-O was one of the first divine practices to be lost in the Apostasy.

Also of interest is a passage from the journal of Quincy T. Smith, second cousin of the prophet Joseph. He stated in an entry from 1838 that—

"Jo told me that the nefites [sic] et green gello in the land of Nefi, and that the reeson Limhi returned from Zarahemla was to git it back. He done told me that in the Resteration of all things, we would sunday haf to ete it agin."

In light of this, Sister Hunt's Jell-O salad can be seen as a fulfillment of prophecy and an interesting footnote in the history of the Restoration. Δ



HEAVENLY MOTHERS?

by Mark McGee

ATTER-DAY SAINTS MAY BE SEALED IN MARRIAGE eternally, and as God now is, man may be. Bryan Waterman has already treated these doctrines and their relevance to our Mother in Heaven. But the fact that male Latter-day Saints may be sealed to more than one wife gives things a new twist.

If any of these polygamous men gains exaltation with two or more of his wives, he will be a heavenly father with plural heavenly mothers as his companions. How about our Heavenly Father? Was polygamy sanctioned on his earth during his mortal probation? If so, was he sealed to more than one woman as a mortal? Is it possible that he has more than one wife? Are there heavenly mothers?

Carol Lynn Pearson was asked this question at a VOICE meeting earlier this semester. She replied in the negative. However, personal opinions are not authoritative, so in my own pharisaical way, I would like to examine this question through a perusal of the more authoritative sources of LDS theology: the statements of the apostles, the statements of Church Presidents, the Messages of the First Presidency, and the standard works. These sources are traditionally held to be arranged hierarchically with statements of Church Presidents being more authoritative than apostolic pronouncements, and First Presidency Messages being more authoritative still.

The standard works and the Messages of the First Presidency constitute the only official Church doctrine. In the few glimpses of a Heavenly Mother that the standard works give us, there are no clear hints concerning the issue of a plurality of mothers in heaven. However, there are a few relevant statements by the apostles, Church Presidents, and the First Presidency. I will examine some of these statements and give them authoritative priority according to the hierarchical scale discussed above.

The purpose of this article is NOT to establish that Heavenly Father was indeed a polygamist, nor that he has numerous wives which are collectively our mothers in heaven. Rather, this article shows that as doctrinal sources become more and more authoritative, they move away from the doctrine of many heavenly mothers toward the doctrine of only one Heavenly Mother.

Elder Orson Pratt of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles pointed out that God populated our planet with the help of many wives.

"If we admit that one personage was the Father of all this great family [people who have lived on the Earth], and that they were all born of the same Mother, the period of time intervening between the birth of the oldest and the youngest spirit must have been immense ... If the Father of these spirits, prior to his redemption, had secured to himself, through the everlasting covenant of marriage, many wives, as the prophet David did in our world, the period required to people a world would be shorter ... a Father, with these facilities [a hundred wives], could increase his kingdoms with his children, in a hundred world ration above that of another who had only secured to himself one wife" (Seer 1:3).

In 1857, Elder John Taylor of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles wrote, "Knowest thou not that eternities ago thy spirit ... dwelt in thy Heavenly Father's bosom ... and with thy mother, one of the Queens of heaven ..." (The Mormon). His remark seems to imply that there is one Heavenly Father, but several "Queens" or mothers. This seems to agree with the apostolic pronouncement of Orson Pratt. Reflecting on this idea brings up all kinds of questions. For example, what if we have different spiritual mothers? Maybe Ghandi and I have different spirit mothers. Could my physical brother Troy be only my half brother spiritually?

Carrying more doctrinal authority and weight than statements made by the Apostles are the statements of

Church Presidents. Presidents Joseph Smith and Brigham Young seemed to affirm that Heavenly Father has more than one wife, but in a manner more reserved than that of the Apostles. On April 9, 1852, President Brigham Young stated in General Conference that "when our Father Adam came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought Eve, one of his wives, with him" (Deseret News 2:12).

Later, Church member Joseph Lee Robinson recalled Brigham Young's saying that "our Father Adam had many wives, and that Eve was only one of them, and that she was our mother, and that she was the mother of the inhabitants of this earth" (Teachings of President Brigham Young 3:373). Both of these statements were given in the context of President Young's Adam-God theory (i.e., Adam is our Heavenly Father—see Dialogue, Spring 1982:14-58) and should be analysed accordingly. What Brigham was teaching then was that "when our [Heavenly Father] came into the Garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought [Heavenly Mother], one of his wives, with him" and that "[Heavenly Father] had many wives, and that [Heavenly Mother] was only one of them ... and she was the mother of the inhabitants of this earth." It therefore appears that President Young believed that God governs a planet for every wife that he has and each planet is peopled with the children of one mother.

What about Brother Joseph? Since Brigham consistently claimed to have gotten his doctrine from his predecessor, it is very possible that he learned this planet-per-wife doctrine from him. An anti-Mormon newspaper (The Warsaw Messenger) hints that this might be so in a poem it printed before Joseph's death—

mighty Gods,
Creating worlds so fair
At least a WORLD for every WIFE
That you take with you there.
This is the secret doctrine taught by JO" (Feb 1844).

Admittedly the evidence for Joseph and Brigham believing such a doctrine is pretty slim if the statements of each are taken individually; however, it seems much more certain when their respective statements are considered together. Accordingly, at the Church President level of authority, one could still argue for a case of plural mothers in heaven, as long as it is qualified that there is only one such mother per planet. Such an argument would give us on earth the comfort of knowing that we all share the same mother.

What do the First Presidency Messages tell us about this subject? In the April Conference of 1945, Elder Marion G. Romney explained that "What the presidency say as a presidency is what the Lord would say if he were here, and it is scripture. It should be studied, understood, and followed, even as the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants and other scriptures ... They speak the mind and the will of the Father."

According to this statement, any pronouncement by the First Presidency should be considered as authoritative. In the Improvement Era, the First Presidency stated that "all men and women are in the similitude of the universal Father and Mother and are literally the sons and daughters of Deity" (13:78). This statement makes it clear that we are not just children of a mother, but we are children of the Mother, and that our mother is not a planetary mother, she is the universal mother. Regardless of what other lesser doctrinal authorities have said, it follows that our official Church doctrine is that Heavenly Father has only one wife—the Universal Mother.

This is in harmony with the Book of Mormon's revelation of God's true feeling on the matter: "Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord" (Jacob 2:24). A

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STUDENT REVIEW INTERVIEWS

DR. ROGER KELLER

by Rebecca Deschweinitz

IN THE DECEMBER 6, 1989 ISSUE OF *STUDENT REVIEW*, Professor Roger Keller was interviewed about his class, "The Gospel and World Religions." SR is pleased to reprint this interview.

Student Review: What is your opinion on the objective of the course?

Keller: The fundamental reason for this course and most of the other courses at this university is that we live in a world village. There is no way we can be isolated from the lives and thoughts of our neighbors, many of whom are the other side of the world. We only had to know about the person in the next state a hundred years ago. Now, through television and other modes of communication, the living room is full of people very different from us. So if we are going to be citizens of this world, we have to appreciate the role that religion plays in the lives of other people.

Also, and this is more utilitarian, the study of world religions is important if we are going to be good missionaries. We can only be good missionaries if we understand and appreciate what our brothers and sisters have already been given by our Heavenly Father.

SR: What is your personal approach to teaching the class?

K: I want the students to think about and appreciate these religions. I want them to understand that there is no human problem that other religions haven't addressed. We're not the only ones who address problems like "I can't achieve perfection in one mortal lifetime." The whole doctrine of reincarnation is addressing that very problem. We just address it differently.

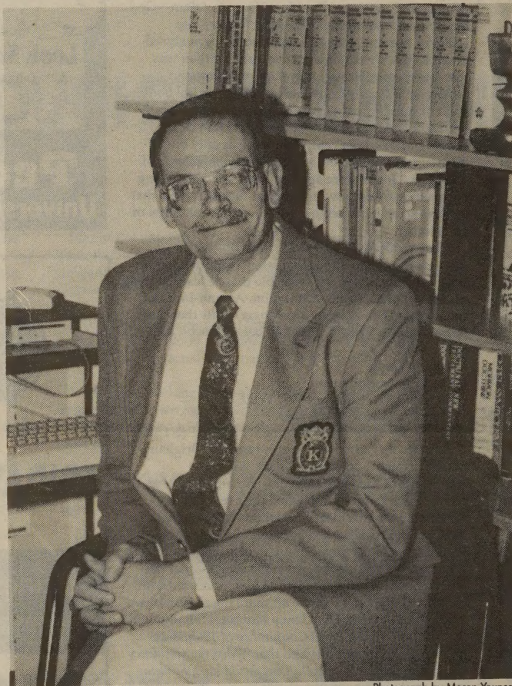
As another example, why do people have pain in life? The Four Noble Truths in Buddhism say that life is suffering. Latter-day Saints are not as negative about life, but we do admit that life is suffering in many instances. Each religion deals with the very same human problems you and I deal with as Latter-day Saints. I want students to understand that and appreciate that others are trying to find sense and order to life through the religions that they hold. At the same time I want them to reflect on those human situations from our standpoint too, and to see the kind of answers we as LDS give to such problems as human suffering and the lack of perfection in life.

So my approach is three-fold. I want my students to be knowledgeable of their brothers and sisters who are different than they. I want students to be appreciative of others and the truths that they do have, and I want them to reflect on human issues from their own religious perspective so that their testimonies can be deepened. Another thing that's important to me is that no one should ever denigrate or laugh at another person's religion.

SR: How does your background qualify you to teach this class?

K: Most of my life has been in interfaith situations. I was a Presbyterian minister, trained at Princeton and Duke. I have served Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal congregations. I have been a correctional-institution chaplain and I have worked closely with Catholics. I began teaching this course in 1976 and have steadily grown in my own knowledge and understanding of others. I also served on the Arizona Board of the National Conference of Christians and Jews where our motto was, "People should learn to disagree agreeably." I believe that wholeheartedly. But most importantly, I know that the fullness of the Gospel is found in the LDS community, and that prepares me to teach the gospel to others, which is the real heart of this course.

SR: How does teaching this course and being so familiar



Photograph by Maren Younce

with other religions affect your testimony of the gospel?

K: It has consistently deepened it, because I too have to reflect on what I believe. That course has forced me to ask the question, "Where do these other religions fit into our Heavenly Father's plan?" It's made me think more deeply about the covenants that each of us make with our Father in the pre-mortal life. It has led me to the conclusion that there are many great and valiant spirits who are, in part, doing our Father's work in other cultures, having consciously made a sacrifice in the pre-mortal existence. They knew that they wouldn't have the fullness of the gospel available to them, but they accepted the mission their Father had for them in other contexts.

B.H. Roberts made the comment that, "The role to be sought in life is that which will enable you to grow the most." We can't know why you are born who you are, or born where you were. Neither can we know why a person in Southeast Asia is who they are, or born where they were. There are some who come up with very easy answers such as, "Oh, they must have been awful in the pre-existence, and therefore they weren't born in America as a Mormon." I don't buy that. Non-Mormons are growing too, and my Father in Heaven loves them just as much as he loves me. Some may never hear the fullness of the gospel in this life, but they will hear it in the next life, if we really believe our temple work has meaning. Every person will have to deal with Jesus Christ and the fullness of the gospel in this life or the next.

If anything, this course has made more non-judgemental, yet at the same time I am able to say I firmly believe that have more of the gospel than anybody else of the Christian

or non-Christian traditions. It has forced me to say, "Doesn't my Father love the Muslim in the same way that He loves me?" Yes, but has He given as much through Muhammad and the Islamic world as He has given to me through the Prophet Joseph Smith? The answer is a resounding major difference in that we have the priesthood. No one else does.

The First presidency made the statement in February of 1978 that Confucius, Muhammed, Buddah, Plato, Aristotle, and others were inspired by God to give as much of the truth to the people of their day as those people were able to bear. I think truth continues to be given to people who are able to bear it. After all, you and I learn precept upon precept. Why not others?

SR: How does this course direct the attitude that some members of the church have toward Mormons having a monopoly on truth?

K: I think students go out of this class with a broadened understanding, compassion, and acceptance of others as well as a strengthened testimony which doesn't view others simply as targets to be evangelized. They begin to see all peoples as brothers and sisters with whom to share the truth because they love them. We should never go out to convert persons simply because they are non-members. We should go out to share what has been meaningful in our lives, because we can't do otherwise out of love for our brothers and sisters.

We need to realize that there is free agency which interacts with the tugging and pulling of the Holy Ghost, and in the end you or I will never convert anyone. The Holy Ghost does. I never have to undercut what someone else may have. If I have truth within this church it will stand on its own two feet and the Spirit will confirm that truth in people's hearts, when they are ready for it.

SR: How do different students react to the content of the class?

K: Most of the reactions are positive, even among those who may not do as well academically as they or I would like them to. Only a very few students have demonstrated any real antipathy toward the course. They simply wanted to believe that they were totally right in everything they believed and that nobody else had any truth. I do believe that we are correct in the things that we know and in those that will be shown, but that doesn't mean that other people haven't also received some revelation and guidance.

SR: Why would you recommend this particular class to students?

K: We are citizens of the world and we can't be good citizens unless we are aware of our neighbors. This is one way to become aware of them. I wish missionaries going out on missions had this course. It really offers insight into various cultures, and missionaries need that broadened perspective, if they are to deal effectively with people of other backgrounds. Also, it strengthens testimonies because, in this course, students are forced to reflect in a deep way about what they believe. Δ

CLARIFICATION

The "Physical Education—Dance" section of the Winter 1992 Class Schedule contains an inaccurate listing. PE D 180-L, "Lambada: Forbidden Social Dance," will not be offered winter semester.

If you would like something put in the Calendar call Brenton at 373-3833 or Sean at 375-1478.

THEATER

Nov. 20 - 30, "Twelfth Night", Pardoe Drama Theater, HFAC, call 378-3875 for tickets.
Nov. 20 - Nov. 23, "The Curious Savage", Hale Center Theater.
Nov. 20 - Nov. 23, "The Other Side of Love", Orem Hale Center Theater.
Nov. 20 - 30, "The Other Wise Man"; "The Prince of Peace"; "Babes in Toyland", City Rep.
Nov. 20 - Dec. 1, Utah Shorts (10 min. plays), Jewett Center for the Performing Arts on Westminster College. Call 583-6520 for tickets and info.
Nov. 22 - Dec. 7, "The Ascent of Lulu McPherson", 7:30pm, Margetts Arena Theater(HFAC). Call 378-3875.
Nov. 23 - Dec. 28, "The Grinch Who Stole Christmas", Music Box Theater (410 N. 200W. Provo). \$3, for info call 375-6834.
Nov. 30, 8pm at Kingsbury Hall, Patrick Stewart will give a one-man presentation of Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol". Call 581-7100 for tickets and info.

THEATER GUIDE

Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: Fri. & Sat. \$6, weeknights \$5, 581-6961.
Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City Tickets: 649-9371.
Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696.
Hale Center Theater, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257.
Orem Hale Center Theater, 225 W. 400 N. Tickets: \$4.50-\$5, 226-8600.
Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961.
Provo Town Square Theater, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Theater: \$3, 375-7300.
Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N. 168 W., SLC. Tickets: Fri. & Sat. \$17, T-Th \$14, 363-0525.
Salt Lake repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000.

MUSIC

Nov. 23, Del Parkinson, Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30pm. Free
Nov. 26, BYU Symphony Orchestra, de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30pm. Free.
Nov. 26, Panoramic Steel, Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30pm. Call 378-7444 for tickets.
TEMPLE SQUARE CONCERT SERIES

All concerts begin at 7:30 in the Assembly Hall and are free.

Nov. 22, BYU Chamber Orchestra, Piano Concerti of Mozart
Nov. 23, "The Music of Robert Cundick"
Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," from 9:30-10:00 a.m. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.
Thursdays, Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, 8:00-9:30 p.m. Free.

UTAH SYMPHONY

Nov. 26, "Deseret News" Salute to Youth Concert. Call 533-NOTE for tickets and info.

FILM

BYU Film Society, Varsity Theater
Nov. 21, Chariots of Fire
Dec. 5, How Green Was My Valley shows are at 4:30, 7:00, 9:30; Tickets \$1
International Cinema call 378-5751 for info.
Nov. 20 - 23, Tess (English), Station for Two (Russian)
Nov. 26 - 30, The Master of Ballantre (English), Un Quixote sin Mancha (Spanish, no subtitles)
Varsity I, ELWC, 378-3311
Nov. 20, Kindergarten Cop
Nov. 22 - 27, Not With Out My Daughter
Varsity II, JSB, 378-3311
Nov. 22 - 25, Somewhere in Time
Movies 8 Call 375-5667 for current listings and show times. Only \$1, \$1.50 on weekends.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theater, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.
Avalon Theater, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.
Carillon Square Theaters, 224-5112.
Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.
Mann Central Square Theater, 374-6061.
Scera Theater, 745 S. State, Orem, 235-2560.
Tower Theater, 875 E. 900 S. SLC, 359-9234.

DANCE

Dec. 6 - 7, "Christmas Around the World", 7:30pm, Marriott Center. Call 378-7444 for tickets.

ART

Nov. 20 - 27, "Perceptual Illumination", A-501, North Gallery HFAC.
Nov. 20 - Nov. 22, "At the Lights Edge" by UNLV Art Faculty, F-303 HFAC
Nov. 20 - Nov. 22, "Drawing 1991", B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC
Nov. 20 - Nov. 29, James Christensen etchings of costume designs for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Maeser Building.
Museum of Church History and Art, 45 W. Temple, 240-3310.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

White House, 202-456-1414
Dial an Atheist 364-4939
Governor, 538-1000
Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560
Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.
General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.
UTA, 375-4636.
BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.
BYU Standards, 378-5219.
Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

SUNDANCE

Nov. 20 - Nov. 30, 8pm, Indoor Fall Theater, Fridays and Saturdays.
Sundance Resort, call 225-4107 for info.

OTHER

Nov. 23, at Atticus Books (1132 S. State Street), Terry Tempest Williams will read from her new book "Refuge". 7:30pm.
Thanksgiving Day weekend, Park City is "Opening for the World Cup" skiing competition. For

info on parties, live music and other festivities call Mark Menlove at 649-6111.

Monday night poetry, 7-8pm, at Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State Orem. Massages, full body, full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights, 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m., call 378-5396.

Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTuWf at 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., free Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.

Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

LECTURES

Nov. 20, American Study Student Association is sponsoring a lecture by Levi Peterson on, "Hiking Mt. Timpanogas Ruminations: on Charity, Affection, Sex, The Wilderness", 7:30pm, 238 HRCB.
Nov. 21, Dr. Galal Amin will speak on "The West and the Arab East: the Impact of Encounter Between Cultures and Development", 11am, 238 HRCB.
Sunstone 1991 New Testament Series

All lectures will be held from 7:30-9:00p.m. at the University of Utah's

Social Work Auditorium and will cost \$2

December 10, "On Finding Christ the Merciful at Christmas" by Eugene England, professor of English, BYU.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

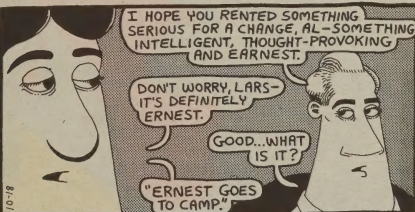
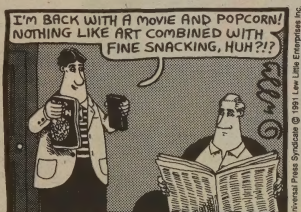
Don't miss *Star Trek* Captain, Patrick Stewart, at Kingsbury Hall. This a sneak preview of the Royal Shakespeare actors' one-man show before going to Broadway. Check theater section for details.

The Living Room has live music every night plus great food. Check the Living Rooms' ad for info.

Mark your Franklin for December 5 - 7. Snowbird celebrates its 20th Anniversary and all area ski passes are only \$20. Call 521-6040 for other events that weekend.

"I do! I do!" plays every weekend up at Sundance. Tickets are \$10, call for reservations.

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EC: THE FIRST STIRRINGS OF WORLD GOVERNMENT

THE END OF THE COLD WAR, the fall of Communism, the Re-unification of Germany, and the collapse of the Soviet Union are just a few of the dramatic events of the past few years which have forever changed the Post-War world. But perhaps more astounding even than these fantastic happenings is an experiment of the nations of Western Europe. In the millennia since the fall of the Roman Empire, Europeans have engaged in countless and continual wars with one another. These wars escalated over the centuries and were put to an end with the two mammoth "World Wars" of the early portion of this century. In World Wars I and II, Europe nearly committed suicide in meaningless conflicts over causes and insults lost deep within history's annals.

Yet in the face of these centuries old conflicts, 12 of the nations of Western Europe are now working together to forge a union. Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Greece, France, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, and the United Kingdom are coming together in 1992 to form a single nation, the European Community (EC). The EC initially will be a loose confederacy, without internal borders, restrictions of movement from state to state, or trade barriers. The EC will have common guidelines for everything from University entrance examinations to industrial standards. Eventually the EC will have a common currency and perhaps a joint defense force. The following nations inside and out of the EC illustrate some of the problems still facing the young union.

